THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Once more old Time unbars the silent tomb, In the Past Land where his dead Years are lying,
All side by side, amid the eternal gloom;
For now his last-born in the night is dying.

He bids adjeu the solemn, dark-robed Hours, That, one by one, glide by his snowy bed—
And now the great bells from a thousand towers Chantout his requiem—for the Year dead But lo! a new-born cherub hovering near,
Whose wings shall sweep the starry circle through, the death-struggles of the passing Year ere still the birth-pangs of the coming

Now Janus wears a smiling face before. Yet backward to ke a sad, a long adieu; From the same fountain doth Aquarious pour Tears for the old, abations for the new.

Time buries his head, and from the tomb Rolls the stone, and writes above the door Another epitaph, that all the earth Shall read and ponder through the ever-

There is the story of the by-gone Years,
Their joys and sorrows, and their love and
hate;
And there the lachrymals of bitter tears
Stand full, forever, by the frowning gate.

There hang the scutcheons of departed nations: There glows the red page of their growth There lie the ashes of the dead creations— extroded, or state, a creed, or mortal life.

And all the legions on those stony pages Shall grow to cancles in coming days; And unborn minstrels, in the unborn ages, Shall tell themover in their sounding lays.

Then write no record of our woe and crime; Let no dirge drown the paran of that day; "What I have written," cries the voice of "That I have written, and it stands for aye."

There is no resurrection of the past-Its ghost may haunt thee, but it lives no Yet mourn it not-for you the future vast, The eternal future, stretcheson before.

Take, then, the book of fate into thine hand, And for the New Yearwhite the great decree; And what thou writest shall forever stand; And what thou willest that the end shall be J. C. Peabodn. PETER RINKEL'S NEW YEAR CALLS.

CHAPTER I.

of the uncured that adorned the tempting boxes and baskets of provisions that Mrs. Kinkel was a nice, tidy, cheery old filled Peter Kinkel's shop on the corner party. Although there were plenty of buy things at Kinkel's that almost any-body will remember what avenue and est stove that ever was seen. The whole street were made glorious by the red, white and blue woodwork of the "Great American Corner Grocer." As Peter's possible flowers painted on every panel. American Corner Grocer." As Peter's shop was scrupulously clean and cheerfully high-colored, so was the little man | pleasantly: old, and had a bald spot just shining through his crisp, dark hair, a florid skin, good, bright gray eyes, a plebian nose of no particular shape and a broad month. He was yers short and protter himself. He was this side of forty years mouth. He was very short and pretty stort, considering that he was never cacies. The great secret of Kinkel's them: success—for he had landed in America "M fifteen years before without a dollar in his pocket or a word of English in his mouth—the great secret of his success was: | 1 looks after tings mineself." So, one bright winter morning, as he was "looking after tings," with his brisk air and his decent gray suit covered by a clean check apron, a young lady came into the shop. She was very plainly and inexpensively dressed, but her bright hair would stray out in fittle curling tendrils on her forehead, her eyes would that dress could do or undo. She had a small basket on her arm, and pleas-

antly smiled as she asked: "Have you any more of that very nice butter, Mr. Kinkel?" Paul and Fritz, two clerks, not born

in the Fatherland, but here in this country of irreverent and unbrided lofes one goot, hart-vorking girl like dot, speech, had already nudged each other. Fritz whispered: "When I'm a-standin' behind him I

know if Miss Leclair's a-comin' by the way that bald spot blazes up." Kinkel was red certainly, even redder

ton than usual, and though he usually looked Supper, at , "happy" hardly seemed to con-be one of the idea of the beaming, exuberant, son when be satisfaction flaming out, so to every recipi from every pore of his ruddy

Miss Leclair laughed as she looked at him-it was a low, clear, pretty laugh she had—and again came that question about the very nice butter before he re-covered presence of mind to answer "Ja—yes; oh, yes, Miss Leclair, I haf got lots more, very sheep, too-only vorty cents; don't it?"

He lifted a heavy firkin on to the counter as if it had been a pot of jam, and, tipping it gallantly, invited Miss Leclair: "Shust smell it." She leaned ing so. By that time Kinkel had a great poare for any little dings like dat." forward and made a little feint of dolump on the blade of a huge knife, and pushing it toward Miss Leclair's mouth, he begged anxiously: "Shust taste how

schveet it is." She laughed again and answered: "Oh, I won't spoil that great piece of in the theatre vat always looks mad, butter: I know it's nice."

don't care for dot biece of putter; I am too busy.' But before she walk off balanced an enormous quantity on the knife blade to show his desperate liberalty. Then he weighed out the quarter her my magenta silk, poor tings. Vat of a pound his customer wanted, wrapped it neatly in white paper and after an

affectionate lingering over a perfect bow-knot in the tying, he laid it in Miss lima Leclair's little basket.

On Ca. Just then a gentleman stepped from a Illinois to triage that was drawn up before the vate asylum, and coming to Miss Leelair, said; months since. No. me this afternoon. Seeing a telegram came here here, I ventured to follow

was opened by the prope to contain the announcent looking young fellow, death at ten o'clock that morrell dressed, perhaps; an hour before her husband's and high pitched, sympathize with all we of too face a tash. Leter wiped the kind old eyes with and he looked about in the cheerful way lowed up a great deal of time in the cheerful way lowed up a great deal of tim deeply sympathize with all we of too late a fash-

but on Fifth avenue people whispered, Fron County Register but on Fifth avenue people whispered, as he passed: "That's Gordon, the rich broker.'

"I hope you'll excuse me," he went on, watching Miss Leclair's face which had undergone a curious change. I don't mean to intrude, but it's such a New Year's Day ven dots der fashion to

fine day for the Park. Won't you go?"

She was not like the woman who had laughed with Peter Kinkel over her quarter of a pound of butter. She looked at Mr. Gordon as Zenobia might have looked at some creature in the Roman mob, and answered him: I am first-class for New Year's calls." very busy to-day. Thank you, but I

"But really, Miss Leclair, you are working too hard."

and not depend upon your friends, as so down in a kind of awe upon—Peter's many Southern ladies have had to do new suit. It was a glossy, black broadsince the war. There are so many cloth swallow-tail and light lavender

"I'd prefer taking care of myself."

writing now?" "My usual work on the paper. An article every week." Clever, by Jove, clever."

young man, his vocabulary was always in the quate when he talked with Miss Leclair. Perhaps the feeling that his most conspicuous points—his wealth and social position—were no recommendation to her created some slight embarrassment. He felt, at any rate, that he had nothing which she coveted, while she had birth and breeding with which he was anxious to ally himself. So, for lack of phrases that could further his suit, he just inanely repeated, "Clever, by Jove."

She left him standing there and walked briskly down the street to where, in a cheap, little three-story brick house, she and her old Southern servant woman occupied a floor.

As Gordon slammed his carriage door Kinkel plunged his head between the covers of his order-book. Paul and Fritz knew this order-book always covered up his reveries after Miss Leclair had bought butter or eggs. Johnny, the store boy, knew it, too, and ate raisins openly.

"Peter Kinkel's country sausages! At twelve o'clock sharp Kinkel went up stairs to dinner. He lived over the shop with his mother, who was just Peter Kinkel!" These were but a few Kinkel himself in petticoats and twenty Well, so many people used to rooms, she had the dinner-table set just Persian rug and plenty of soft silk hangpossible flowers painted on every panel. As Peter entered, the mother began

"Ach! Peter du bist "-

"Ach, Himmel! I shpeaks so "You shpeaks goot, mutter, and so idle, always on the jump, looking after do I," says Peter, beginning to eat his his customers, looking after his clerks, German soup, full of delicious cabbage drivers and porters. The shop was a busy place and sought out by epicares boiled beef, Peter said, folding his two for the freshest and best of butter and red hands together on the white tablecheese and the nicest of imported deli- cloth and pensively looking down at

"Mutter, how you likes dot I gets married!"

"Married!" Mrs. Kinkel is as much shocked at first as any high "my lady" might be when the scion of the noble house speaks of matrimony. "You see, mutter, I'm shust-in

lofe. "Mrs. Kinkel can only echo "lofe?" can't puy no more nor quarter of a melt and glisten—in short, she would be pound of putter at a dime. But she a very handsome woman in spite of all got a putiful face and a schveet schmile like a picture, and a voice vot aint like notings only ven der hand-organ blay Schueet Spirit Hear My Brayer.' She

vorks hart, too, mutter; very hart, and -I_I lofe her." "Peter," answered Mrs. Kinkel, with the tears in her honest eyes, "ven you den you shust marry her, pring her here to me, und I lofe her too, straight off,

putty queeck." Peter grasped his mother's hand, and she came and kissed him; still he studied the table-cloth more than was natural to a man with a happy love

"Vell, vat is der droubles?" asked the mother. "Mutter, you see that girl she aint like fore. She's-vell I aint got no gustom-

none of dem girls vat I ever knows peers like her. Dem ladies vat come in garriages and order my putter for dem Miss Leclair asked. pig houses in Fifth avenue, she aint like dem. Dey speaks up loud and says: Kinkel, shust send round dem dings right away, quick, but she-I tells you vat, I guess she's one of dem pig famiwar. She one vat you call real high lies vat got poor bei der South after der for money nor for anything compared

"Vell, Peter, ven she lofe you I don't "I never knowed she like me so much; but to day ven she talk mit me real nice, color so. a pig schwell feller in a garriage he ask her to go drive mit him. She shust looked at him like one of dem queens like dey didn't vasn't going to stand der vay dings was going on, she look awful

kind of sewin' vork does she?" 'She don't do sewin' vork, she do

writin' vork, mutter."

sometings vat dev puts into der papers.
I don't know shust vat, but pooty hart vork und schmall pay."

"Ach! poor tings," exclaimed Mrs.
Kinkel, crying audibly, "perhaps she got not der goot educations for der sew-interest."

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Kinkel, crying audibly, "perhaps she got not der goot educations for der sew-interest."

see her bei her house." "Ja, but girls is pashful," suggested

Mrs. Kinkel. "I know dat," and Peter looked the soul of delicacy, "but next week come make dem calls; und of course she know I must be into der fashion. Und, mutter," he cast an eye into a small looking-glass, "mutter I shall go bei Stein, der tailor, und I shall say: 'Stein, no matter vot dot cost, shust fix me up

"Ach! how lovely you will look, my Peter!" A week later one would have thought

working too hard."

"Not at all."

"Yes you are. You're awfully clever and all that, and its awfully high-spirited of you to make your own living and not depend on the spirited of you to make your own living and not depend on the spirited of you to make your own living and not depend on the spirited of your to make your own living and not depend on the spirited of your to make your own friends as so down in a kind of any or the spirited of your spirited of your to make your own friends as so down in a kind of any own to make your own friends as so down in a kind of any own to make your own friends as so down in a kind of any own to make your own friends as so down in a kind of any own to make your own living the spirited of your to make your own living and the spirited of your to make your own living the spirited of your to make your own living the place was closed, so often and so quietly Mrs. Kinkel stole in, folded back a snowy cloth and gazed friends, though, who'd be glad to do anything—that is, everything—to—to—they lay close by, a pair of green kid gloves, a bright purple cravat and red scarf pin, a hat that could rival Mrs. "Certainly, of course, ves, and capitally you do it, too. What are you of patent-leather shoes equal to the hat, and a pair of large, light gaiters, equal

to anything.
Mrs. Kinkel, after reverently closing the door, always came smiling into the Though Mr. Gordon was a very glib kitchen and murmuring: "Peter will look shplendid!"

CHAPTER II.

"Tell yer what, honey, we isn't doin' right," said Miss Leclair's old servant, Aunt Hetty, as she brought in the wailles for breakfast on New Year's morning. "We isn't doin' right. Thar'll be folks a comin' ter call on us an' we'd oughter be ready fur to see 'em.''
"Oh, Hetty, nobody'll come."

"G'long, Miss Marian, g'long; yer knows yer got a heap o' friends sence yer come North. Put on yer long black frock, honey-do."

Presently Hetty in triumph brought in a bag full of fresh-cut flowers. When Miss Leclair read the card that lay within she sprang up like a school girl, pressed her face upon the dewy pillow of blossoms and declared there was never anything so lovely. Hetty chuckled soltly to herself, and set about rubbing and dusting the furniture in the little front room. It was very pretty, this little front room. A carefully chosen dark wall-paper represented the price of a good many newspaper columns. That was the only outlay Marian had made. The carved table, a curious couch and chairs, an inlaid cabinet, a priceless family portrait by Le Brun, some etchings and water-colors, an old ings that time had treated kindly were things saved out of the family wreck. put in some dainty vases, one might easily forget the cheap, common little house and the second-rate neighborhood. It was a "ladye's bower" in good

Marian came in wearing a dress of black China crape, which had more of a history than sh shape lovingly and fell into soft, deep loosely, was given a little freedom on the forehead. Her face was — But how empty words are. Millais would have painted her if he had seen her, news: "I saw Miss Leclair buying and we would have stared at the picture

really lived. Before long a mountainous arrangement of flowers was handed in with Gordon's compliments. "It's too big for the room; take it

away," was Miss Leclair's remark upon the offering. Toward noon there were some callers old Southern friends, and the editor who gave the short checks for the long

columns. Later, and just in a quiet hour when Marian was alone, a young man who had no carriage at the door and whose overcoat had seen a good many New Year's, gave Hetty a familiar nod in passing and came into the small parlor with his face all beaming. By some strange co-incidence Miss Leclair's face seemed very happy, too; and when he said, joyfully: "You wear my roses!" sne answered with an inflection that any man

might interpret: "Of course I wear them." Mr. Ford evidently mistrusted his own judgment on reflection, because he talked in an abstracted way about all sorts of remote things.

"Are you painting anything new?" "Yes; I paint, to tell you the truth,

very much more than I seil.' Marian laughed merrily. "Oh, the arts are all alike; they don't pay-that is, in money. But then I don't care

"Compared to what—to lo—" "To art, I was going to say," Miss Leclair suddenly found the room grow-ing too warm. Perhaps that made her

Mr. Ford's voice was low and he came very near to her to lay down a very plain axiom-"You know there's no art

without the artist." "Well?" "Then by a process of logic" (the logic made his voice tremble) "you don't care for money nor for anything

she gif me a leetle bleasant schmile. compared to—an artist. Is that true?

"Ach!" cried Mrs. Kinkel, "I will gif Marian, is that true?" How still she was, how pale, and what a lovely light in her eyes! Ah, if Millais could have caught that look for a

"Vat kinds of writins vork?" and Mrs. Kinkel looked puzzled.

Peter looked puzzled too, but boldly explained: "Vat beoples calls articles; balance at the bank, gave Miss Leclair whose diamond study proclaimed his balance at the bank, gave Miss Leclair a New Year's greeting and Mr. Ford a description of the lectar and mr. Ford a le

"I got a putiful blan. I'm going to Peter was very red and very clean shav- Ford. There are five children scampered and shiny. That corpse of a suit ing about the studio.

had come off the bed and was avenging Marian Ford is not as beautiful as

> less and cheerful as before. There was a silence. The men drew away towards Miss Leclair, and Peter's gaze wandered to her face. She was frowning and perplexed. The broad smile died off his lips, he stared about the room, at the walls, the hangings, the pictures, the flowers, and then back again to the slender figure of the hostess. He might have been a petrification thousands of years old, so far as stony rigidity went, but he was purple and there was a pitiful constraint and distress in his honest face.

Mr. Gordon, in a low voice, asked of Miss Leclair: "Who is it?"

"The grocer from the corner." Mr. Gordon promptly stepped up to him and said: See here, my man, you've made a blunder. There are no

friends of yours here." and advanced a step. Meeting the stammered, cold look he faltered, stammered, ian opened it. A ruddy, well-dressed, stepped back, fumbled for his hat that stepped back, fumbled for his hat that middle-aged man looked at her intently middle-aged man loo was on the floor, then turned pale—
turned as pale with suppressed feeling as if he'd been a poet instead of a grocer; his lips trembled and so did grocer; his

those big, green-gloved hands.
"Come," said Mr. Gordon, "be off."
But Marian swiftly crossed the room,
held out her white hand, laid it in one of those green gloves, and, in her gentlest, most cordial tones, she said: "You've come to wish me a Happy New Year, Mr. Kinkel. I thank you."

Gordon drew back with a muttered exclamation; all the others whispered and wondered. For a few minutes she entertained only Kinkel. Gradually she made the talk more general, but she gave Kinkel pictures to look at, she showed Kinkel the flowers, and finally, consoled, but subdued and modified, Kinkel fumbled for the door-knob, while Marian herself arrested that shiny vagrant of a hat and put it safely into his hands.

"Peter," demanded Mrs. Kinkel, when he came home, "was she glad to see vou?"

In silence and with much expenditure of main force Peter took off his gloves. "Did she say you look shplendid, Peter?

Slowly he answered: "She treat me putiful, very goot, shust like an angel,

"Vat she tink of dem close, eh?" "Mutter, I can't nefer tells you all about dot visit bei Miss Leclair. Eferytings is different as what you know about. Eferytings is different,"

"Von't you calls again, Peter?" "Mutter, you know my old cart-horse, Kaiser ?"

"Ja, yes." "Kaiser is one goot old cart-horse, tume, but which clung to her slender und I gifes him apples somedimes und I speaks mit him bleasant. Vell, one day folds of drapery over which the guilty he lofe me so goot he walk right into trail of plaiting and ruffing machines der store. Ven he get in und kick ofer had never passed. She wore no jewelry der baskets and all der putiful painted (she owned none), but her white throat drawers und tings, Kaiser git awful was bare and a piece of curious old lace scared und den he kiek ofer more tings was carried down to her bosom and fast, und feel more pad, und he vas glad ven ened there with a few of the fresh, white he git out. Kaiser didn't pelongs in rosebuds. Her bright hair, knotted der shtore. He don't nefer dry dot

butter at Smith's store." Then Fritz and wondered if such a lovely woman winked at Johnny, the boy, for Kinkel had sighed audibly.

CHAPTER III.

A dozen years later Kinkel was a rethe genteel society reporter hath it, with plush and plumes arranged as an with an aged parent in his own pala-"with an aged parent in his dwn parent in his dw

action with Kinkel, who sat in his libramystery to the owner himself, so magnificent and somber was it in Spanish which is always an element and real a ry, which was rather an awe and a leather hangings and so thoroughly furnished with books that he couldn't read. The bill broker let fall from his portfolio a note, on the face of which appeared the words "ten thousand dol-

lars." "Ha! ha?" laughed Fritz, picking up the paper. "I can't afford to lose that. A man has offered me \$1,000 commission just to buy that note for him. I've had no end of trouble to get it. You see, the money was borrowed from a large picture-dealer by an artist who gave the note. Pictures were to be painted to cancel the debt in part. But the artist fell sick, his wife fell sick, and his babies and-well, there was a dence of a row. The picture-dealer got rid of

the note to another man, and, phew!

I've only just got hold of it."

"What's your customer's name?" "Gordon. He's the rich broker." "So! And who's dot feller vat

made it?" "Harrington Ford. He's a painter." "Is he poor?" "Yes, he's in a peck of trouble."

"Vell, vat is Gordon goin' to do mit dis note? "Don't know, exactly, but I can gness. Ford can be pestered and harried out of his life by putting it into a

lawyer's hands. Gordon's game is "Fritz," said Kinkel, "I gifs you twelve hundred dollars commission ven

you lets me puy dot note."

Fritz was betrayed against his business principles into an astonished look,

in'work, and so she got ter fix dem door, which, with the most careful good art than for the purpose of bringing up glish, French and German—recited long art than for the purpose of bringing up quotations from Shakespeare and other manners, he had closed behind him, children—an occupation that has swal—quotations from Shakespeare and other Peter wiped the kind old eyes with and he looked about in the cheerful way lowed up a great deal of time in the writers, and was a very clever old bird

had come off the bed and was avenging the disturbance by refusing to look like anything but cerements—baggy, new and horrible. The purple cravar stared out like an evil eye from the glacial expanse of shirt-front. The green-gloved hands were spasmodically holding on to a vicious, slippery hat that wanted to lie on the floor. Lie on the floor it did in a moment, and after an unsuccessful lunger Peter gave it im and stood help. lunge Peter gave it up and stood help- her look, a perfect, self-renouncing ten-

derness that her husband, glancing up from his painting as she moves about, thinks better than the lost girlishness. "Darling," he says, "I used to think
I'd like to point your beauty. Now it
would be impossible." He leaned back
in his chair and looked up at her in a
worshipping fashion he had. "All the
loveliness of Heaven is in your face, my

wife."

She smiled and touched him. "Dear Marian, we are poor, we work hard; we've had sickness and sorrow. Do you regret what you said to me twelve years ago to-day?" "I bless the hour my love." She

stooped and kissed him. "Now you are well again, dear," and he speaks with courage, "and I am well. I think our affairs will go better."
"Only there's that debt." She sighed

"Aber—but, ja, sir—yes, sir, I knows very goot dot lady." He smiled again and advanced a step. Meeting Marian's feverish energy. "Ah! yes, that's bad," and sighing, There was a ring at the door. Mar-

edly: "Who brought this?" "A stranger," his wife answered; "a stout man who stared at me."

"Marian, our money trouble is over. I can't guess what friend has done us this good office, but here's my note for \$10,000 returned to us torn in pieces." She laughed and cried, threw her arms around her husband's neck, kissed

the children, and over the cradle told the mysterious good fortune in a mysterious, sweet jargon of baby-talk.-Mrs. Fanny Foster Clark.

Winter Bonnets and Hats.

Bonnets take the lead this season es

pecially for little girls and their mammas; and make a great effort to be as wildly picturesque as the hats. A wide poke is the latest design, with a narrow crown which is cut straight across the back, and rises toward the top, though not in a straight or upright line. The wide brim has the effect of a hat in front, and is often faced with tinted satin of a more delicate shade, or in a contrasting color to the outside; but the mass of plumes which droop over the front or eurl low at the side are of the shade of the exterior, with perhaps tips of the interior tint or color. The poke in different forms and modifications is certainly the rage of the hour, and the richest and most fashionable bonnets are of one material, plush, velvet, or fur, with feathers gracefully arranged and forming the suitable, as at the theater, and many are now lying in winter quarters a ladies greatly prefer them, and can not Lockport. be persuaded to wear any other; but there are also ladies who rejoice over the protection which the brim of the poke affords, and prefer the light to fall in shadow upon the face rather than in its full glare. The small bonnet is no modest violet, however, to "blush unseen." It makes up in high color and glittering material what it lacks in size. Some capote bonnets look like the brilliant little red poppies which dot the wayside abroad. They are a mere puff of poppy velvet, with poppy red aigreete, feathers, and velvet, or moire strings. Others have crown composed of gilded basket or network, with brown or ruby velvet brim, and a large Alsatian bow formed of many loops of reversible velvet ribbon or thick moire,

For evening wear and dress occasions there are lovely bonnets with a kind of ployer in the way of buying and selling "paper."

One day Fritz had just closed a transaction with Kinkel, who sat in his librain fine materials being much softer than last season. Plush makes up well into

trich feathers. There are several new shapes in hats, one of which, the "Musketeer," is used in felt with walking cost to match the edge bound with a puffing or simple binding of velvet, and the plumes matchin felt with walking coat to match the ing without any additional color. A walking coat of Russian gray cloth with broad border of martins' tails and musketeer hat with feathers constitutes a lifeteen parts of powdered common salt.

Moisten a suitable quantity of the mixture with water, and rub it with a piece handsome winter walking costume for a lady, married or single, between the ages of twenty and thirty. Another The latter is afterward rubbed with a novelty in hats has a soft, hanging velvet crown, which droops low to one chalk is dusted, then washed with water, side, and is jauntily mounted with a and polished with a dry cloth.—Prairie group of small, well-curled tips of feathers to match placed upon the side well toward the front. A broad band of plain velvet on the bias surrounds the crown. A very striking hat has a broad brim battlemented—that is divided into wide squares by being cut up and bound. The half quarts. The tar is first heated in a squares by being cut up and bound.

The brins is thrown up, but droops low upon the right side, and the space is filled with long, soft, graceful plumes, which show their curied edges through the divisions. This last is a very dressy hat, and the shape is only to be obtained at the fire out of doors, and while still warm (not hot) the turpentine, mixed with the black, is stirred in. If the varin a limited number of imported styles at present writing.—Demorest's Monthly.

-For the information of those who are wondering as to the fate of the man who was run over by nine freight trains at Lancaster, Pa., it may be said that the man is undoubtedly dead. The expression "gathered up his remains," which is contained in the telegraphic

-A few days since a parrot died at were half a dozen in the room. Marian was over by the windows when the last ealler entered. He stood against the last of the windows when the last ealler entered. He stood against the last of the family in three languages—Entered the last of the last

PATH AND POINT.

-The Bos on Post is mad because Eastern folks are so easily swindled. dt's too late now to go at it and mold

'em all over .- Petroit Free Press. -A man who can't excite envy and jealousy needn't expect to excite ad-miration and respect. The man who has no enemies can not boast that he

has any friends.

One ounce of powder will lift twenty-five pounds weight five feet high. Get your exact weight, figure by progression and then sit dewnlon a keg of powder to smoke.

If you meet a lion just right he will drop his tail and flee, but there are so many chances that he will drop you instead that the meeting had better be postponed as long as postible.

Busy Editor (to trombissome spplicant, who persists in calling): "To-day is Thursday and I'm very busy. Suppose you call next Thursday, and then I'll tell you when to call again."

-Prof. Felix Adler said resently that a man has as much right to cane the President of the United States as to whip an unruly voungster. Wonder Felix his children when they deserve it? —Austria has got hold of a torpedo which will defend a pass one-fourth of a mile long. After she gets it planted it will be just like her enemies to go by some other road.—Norristown Herald.

-A Michigan man who retused to become a candidate for constable, suffered a fatal stroke of apoplexy within eighteen hours. It seems that politics has become necessary to good health.

Our Continent. -Some one wants the tax taken off whisky and put on cranks, in order tobe a bad move. If tacks were put on cranks editors couldn't "sit down on

em."-Burlington Hawkeye. -A lady at Columbus, O., sent for a piano-tuner to come and see what gave the instrument such a sad tone. He removed four marbles, two spools, six buttons, two coppers and a dozen hair-pins from the instrument, and the sad-

ness went a day. -Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without say-ing a word; and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still

pneumoniac air?-Puck. -A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age met in after years, and, the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned: "Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met egain.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. —A Mississippi man has discovered that an excellent quality of sugar can

be made from sweet potatoes. -With the opening of navigation, next year, the experiment of cable-towentire trimming. Of course there are ang will be renewed on the free Erie one when a small bennet is more Canal. The fleet of cable-towing boats

From ten to twelve thousand tons of salt have been gathered along the shores of Great Salt Lake this season. There is a large surplus of common salt left over from last year, and this caused a gathering of a less amount than usual.

-Leading citizens of Boston, appreciating the lack of storehouses for grain in filling orders for Europe, have determined to subscribe \$250,000 to erect the requisite buildings and purchase wheat and corn in large quantities .- Boston

-The blood of crabs and other crustaceans has been proved by M. Fredericq to have the same saline constitution and the same strong and bitter taste as the waters they inhabit. But the blood of sea fishes is very different. It has not the same constitution as the water, and thus shows a marked superiority over

that of crabs, out diw muit attempted to answer by experiments made upon himself the question: What are the effects of intellectual work upon the cerebral circulation? When he applied himself to a subject which he had a difficulty in understanding thoroughly and had therefore to concentrate all his energies upon it, the rhymth of the heart was far more accelerated than when he took up some matter with which he was well acquainted.

To copper or brass objects with silparts of powdered oream of tartar and piece of cotton upon which precipitated chalk is dusted, then washed with water,

-A cheap black paint or varnish for iron work is prepared as follows: Clear, solid wood tar, ten pounds; lamp black large iron pot to boiling, or nearly so, and the heat is continued for about four nish is too thick to dry quickly, add more turpentine. Benzine can be used instead of turpentine, but the results are

not as good. Asphaltum is preferable to cheap tar.—Chicago Times.

—At the Munich Electrical Exhibition one of the curlosities was a telephone one of the curlosines was a telephone transmitting music performed at Ober-Ammergau, over a distance of sixty-three miles. At the palace a huge telephonic arrangement brought over music from the English Cafe, so that the whole immense audience could hear the pieces quite distinctly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coal mines of Miesbach, where it was generated. This angurs a future for the economical use of labor which may have tar-reaching results are vitues stody

had that labor pays as much every